MUSICAL ECHOES.

A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR AIRS

Arranged without Octaves for the

PIANO:

BY

C. EVEREST.

1½

1. WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.
2. LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.
3. THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.
4. OVER THE SUMMER SEA.
5. WOULD I WERE WITH THEE.
6. COME WHEN YOU WILL.
7. CARRIE LEE.
8. LA MANOLA.
9. NO ONE TO LOVE.
10. MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.
11. MOLLIE'S DREAM WALTZ.
12. THE MAID OF SORRENTE.
13. LA CHATELAINE.
14. BEAUTIFUL MOON WALTZ.
15. CHARITY.
16. PRISON DUET, TROVATORE.
17. MARCH FROM MOSES.
18. BARCAROLLE FROM OBERON.
19. JENNY POLKA MAZURKA.
20. AIR FROM MARTHA.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29.
30.

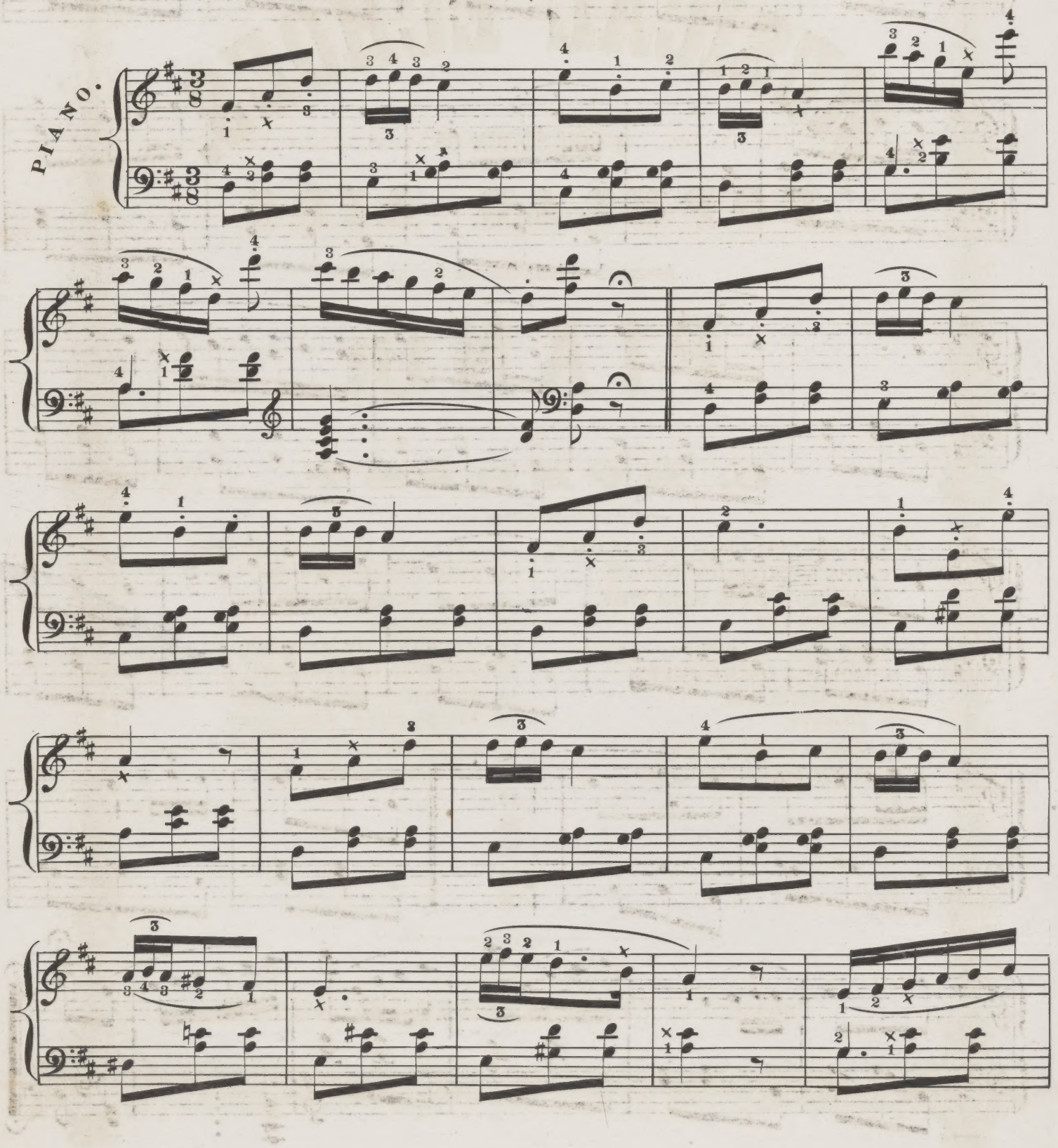
PHILADELPHIA:
Published by LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

1863
Arnaud

THE MAID OF SORRENTE.

MUSICAL ECHOES. No 12.

Arr by C Everest. Arnaud.



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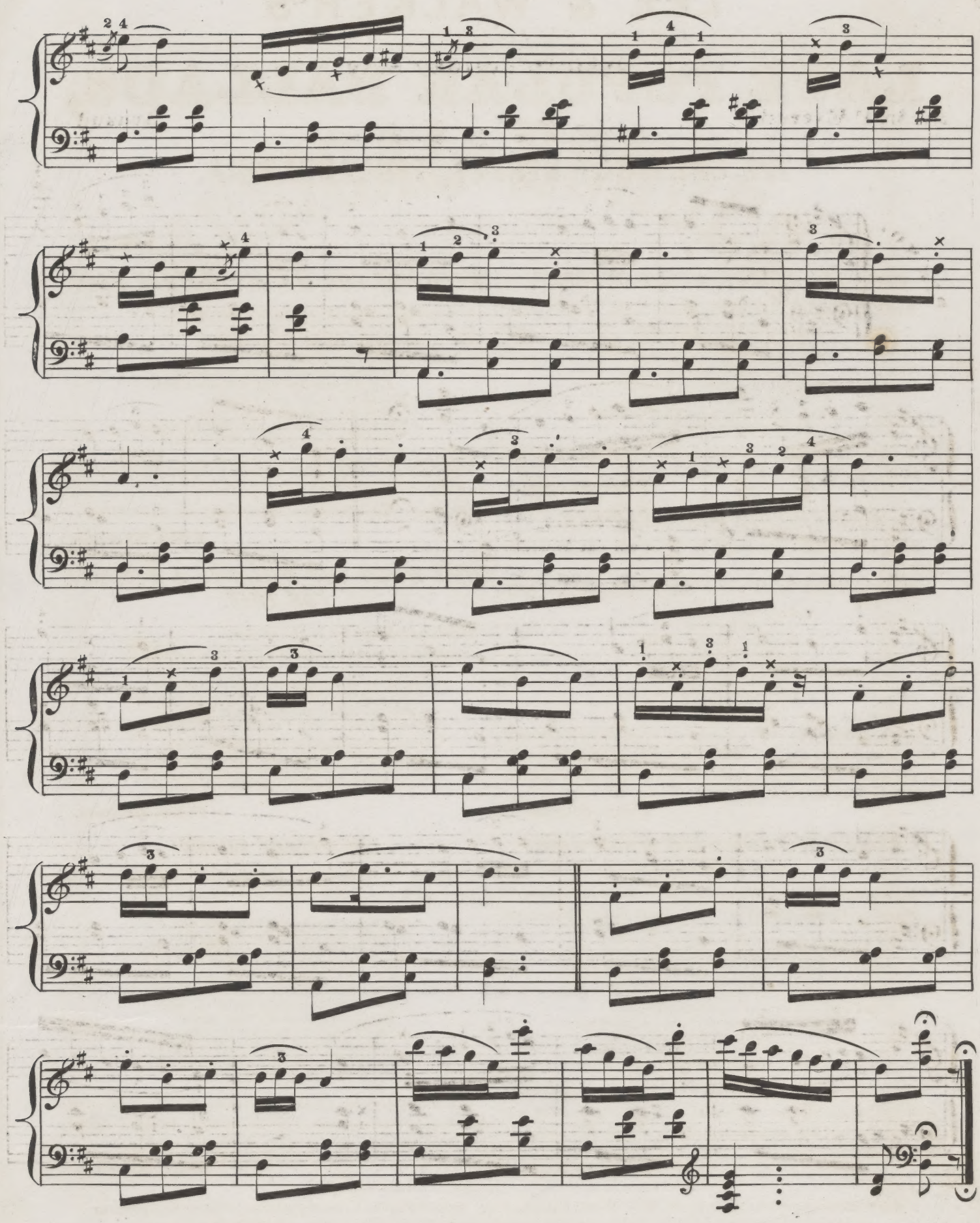

LEE & WALKER'S

LATE POPULAR BALLADS,

722 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP MY SECRET, NELLIE DEAREST.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN; Music by H. Th. KNAKE.

"Keep my secret, Nellie dearest,
'Neath thy marble bosom's swell:
Never breathe it in thy whisper,
For it's sacred; guard it well:
None but thee were ever trusted
With the vows I made to thee:
Keep them pure, then, Nellie dearest,
As the gems beneath the sea."

A charming song, well composed, and with an easy accompaniment. We cheerfully recommend it.

Price, 25 cents.

KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER.

Song and chorus: an answer to "Who will care for mother now?"

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"Sleep, noble hero,
Let not one fear
Steal o'er thy brave heart
As death draws near;
For, in her sorrow,
Mother will find
True hearts around her,
Loving and kind."

The popularity of "Who will care for mother now?" induced the above song as a reply; and it is a most suitable one, both in words and music, and is within the capacity of all singers, and also has an easy accompaniment.

Price, 25 cents.

I REMEMBER THE HOUR WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

Answer to "Weeping, sad and lonely." Song and chorus.

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheek glistening like dew,—
When, clasped in your arms, almost broken-hearted,
I swore by the bright sky I'd ever be true,—
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the flag of my country forever.
Chorus—Then weep not, love, oh, weep not;
Think not hopes are vain;
For when this fatal war is over
We will surely meet again."

The popularity of this song has been immense, several thousand having already been published. It is not to be wondered at, however, as the sentiment, both in words and music, is unsurpassed.

Price, 25 cents.

WEEP NOT FOR ME, MY MOTHER DEAR.

Written and composed by FRANK DRAYTON.

"Weep not for me, my mother dear,
Though in thy cot thy dear one's missed,
Who round thy neck so oft hath clung
And thy dear lips with fondness kissed,
Who oft at eve her weary head
Hath lain upon thy tender breast,
When thy sweet voice, with cheerful song,
Hath lulled thy darling child to rest."

The songs of Drayton have attained a deserved popularity, as the words are expressive of fine sentiments, and the melodies are pleasing. This one especially is deserving of attention.

Price, 25 cents.

COME WHEN YOU WILL, I'VE A WELCOME FOR THEE.

Words and Music by W. LANSDON.

A new and revised edition has just been issued.

"Come in the spring-time, come in the summer,
Come when the autumn makes leafless each tree;
Or when the chill wind of winter is blowing,—
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!
"Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,
Or first sight of land to the roamer by sea,
Thou bring'st to my mind all my happiest hours:
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!"

Price, 30 cents.

THE PICKET GUARD.

Composed by H. COYLE, and respectfully dedicated to B. M. Greene and his comrades, of the 49th Regiment P. V.

"All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat, as he walks to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men
Moaning out alone the death-rattle.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound, save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead:
The picket's off duty forever!"

Also a very popular song, as the words appeal to thousands of sorrowing hearts, made so by the death in battle of fathers, sons, and brothers. The music is simple and touching.

Price, 25 cents.

Our Publications can be had in all the Music-Stores in the Country. Should they not have the Pieces required, write directly to us, and we will cheerfully send the Music, post-paid, upon the receipt of the marked price. TEACHERS will find it to their advantage to send their orders to us; for in this department of our business especial attention is given.